THE CRUEL STEP-MOTHER, OR, THE UNHAPPY SON,

TEWKESBURY:

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD; Sold also at his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Histories, &c. Wholesale and Retale. Likewise the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of established reputation, that are advertised in the Weekly Papers.

The Cruel STEP-MOTHER, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

YOU moſt indulgent parents lend an ear,
And you a diſmal ſtory ſoon ſhall hear,
A ſtory ſtrange, but certain true indeed,
Enough to make a heart of ſtone to bleed.

In York, that famous city of renown,
There liv'd a gentleman, one 'ſquire Brown,
Whoſe wealth and riches were exceeding great,
But yet he had no heir to his eſtate.

He had a virtuous, kind and loving wife;
With whom he liv'd a comfortable life;
The want of children was their only grief,
But God was pleas'd to ſend them ſome relief.

She did conceive, and with a ſon, we hear,
Great was the joy when ſhe deliver'd were,
Much feaſting, which for many days did laſt,
Both rich and poor did of their bounty taſte.

It pleaſed God the child did live and thrive,
Until it came unto the age of five;
At five years old his ſorrows ſore begun,
And ſo continued many years to run.

The greateſt pleaſures that we here can boaſt,
So ſudden fade, and are but ſhort at moſt,
When death approaches, who can ſhun the dart?
He has command, and ſtrikes up to the heart.

The 'Squire's lady was took wond'rous ill,
The doctors us'd in vain their beſt of ſkill,
All cannot do, the fatal ſtroke death gave,
And no man that's born her life can ſave.

Her husband then she sent for out of hand:
Her weeping friends did now around her stand,
Her husband came, she said to him, My dear,
The time is short I have to tarry here.

Be careful of the darling child your son,
See that in virtue's paths he strives to run;
That I in heaven may see him again,
And there in endless bliss with him remain.

For the child's sake, wed not again, my dear,
For if you do, I cannot rest, I fear,
Let no step-mother my dear child abuse,
Whom I so tenderly did love and use.

My jointure, which is fifty pounds a year,
I leave to him, whom I love most dear,
Be you a tender father to my son,
Think on my words, when I am dead and gone.

He said, Deareſt, these words I'll keep in mind,
I to the child will prove a father kind;
To wrong my child, I wrong myself you know;
I love the child to well to serve it so.

Then for her child she straitways did call,
Whilst tears from her cheeks down did fall:
And kissing him with lips as cold as clay,
The child did to his fainting mother say.

Mamma, what makes you kiss me and cry?—
I hope you will be better speedily;
I hope I shall, sweet dear, to him she said,
Then turn'd herself, and straitway dy'd.

She scarce two months in the grave was laid,
Ere he forgot the promises he made;
Which made the proverb true, as we do find,
That out of sight is quickly out of mind.

Unto a rich and wealthy widow old,
He went a courting oft, as we are told;
No reſt or quiet would he let her have,
'Till her conſent ſhe unto him had gave.

She ſaid, before ſhe to him did engage,
She had a daughter fair, ten years of age;
And therefore for her dear daughter's ſake,
She was reſolv'd a widow's will to make.

He gave conſent that it ſhould be made,
And in much triumph now theſe couple wed,
But during theſe things were thus even done,
He quite forgot his daughter and his ſon.

His new wife was croſs and very proud,
And his own ſon never was allowed
With them to dine, but at her chair to ſtand,
Juſt like a footman, waiting her command.

Her daughter ſhe muſt at the table ſit,
And pick and cull the beſt of what is eat,
Beſides a waiting maid too miſs muſt have,
While the poor lad is made a drudge and ſlave.

Altho' he was thus ſcorn'd, yet we find
How fortune unto him did prove ſo kind,
His mother's brother died, as we hear,
And left this boy two hundred pounds a year.

His father then the intereſt was to have,
For to maintain the child ſo fine and brave;
But if he died ere to age he came,
His father then was to enjoy the ſame.

His ſtep-mother found things were ordered ſo,
She was reſolv'd to work his overthrow,
Cries ſhe, When he is put away and gone,
What's left to him will ſoon become my own.

She with the Devil then did ſtraitway think,
And to her huſband gave a ſleeping drink,
And as he within the garden lay,
Unto the boy ſhe theſe words did ſay;

Go watch your father as he ſleeping lies,
And if thou ſee'ſt him wake, or going to riſe,
Come and ſhew me, make the beſt haſte you can.
And ſo ſhe did this harmleſs youth trapan.

The boy with watching long did go to ſleep,
Then ſoftly ſhe did to his father creep,
Off from his finger ſhe a ring did take,
On purpoſe of this boy a thief to make.

For as the innocent boy a ſleeping lay,
She in his pocket did the ring convey,
Then with great joy into the houſe did come,
And ſaid, I hope his buſineſs I have done.

The lad awaking, ſtrait did rub his eyes,
But ſeeing of his father going to riſe,
To inform his mother he ſtraitway did run,
Mean while his father in a doors did come.

And miſſing of his ring to her did ſay,
My dear, what makes you take my ring away,
Cris ſhe, I took it not away upon my life;
You may believe me, as I am your wife,

But if you'd know what is of it become,
I'd have you to examine well your ſon,
As in the garden you did ſleeping doſe,
I ſaw him then a fumbling at your cloaths.

He went to ſearch his ſon, the ring he found,
Then hand and foot ſtraitway him he bound,
And laſh'd him 'till the blood did run,
Whilſt ſhe, hard-hearted wretch, ſtood looking on.

Cries ſhe, now ſend this wicked rogue to ſea,
Leſt that he doth diſgrace the family,
I'll get a maſter ſoon for him, ſhe cry'd,
For he no longer ſhall with me abide.

He gave conſent, and ſhe a maſter got;
And he was ſent away, hard was his lot.
Where we will leave him to croſs the main,
And turn to this wicked wretch again.

But God, who ſees our actions here below,
He did not let this wretch unpuniſh'd go,
For this boys miſtreſs did to them appear,
One night when they in bed together were.

This apparition told them of the ring,
And how ſhe ſerv'd the boy in every thing;
Then did ſhe ſhake the bed whereon they lay,
And then it vaniſh'd from them away.

The 'ſquire he was very much ſurpriz'd,
And finding that his wife had told him lies,
To make him ſend this poor boy away,
He went into a ſtrong deſpair they ſay.

To add unto his grief we underſtand,
A letter from his ſon came to his hand:
At Jamaica he was, the letter told,
And to a captain there was baſely ſold.

And as they ſailing were upon the main,
They by a Spaniſh privateer were ta'en;
The ſhip condemn'd, and they were made ſlaves,
This is, kind ſir, ſaid he, my deſperate caſe.

The father ſeeing this, ſwooned away,
Crying to his wife both night and day,
Thou curſed wretch what haſt thou now done,
To make a father thus abaſe his ſon?

From home in grief he rambled that day,
And to a lawyer went without delay,
Made ſtrait his will, and left his ſon his ſtore,
Then went and hang'd himſelf before his door.

The lawyer finding what he had done,
Did ſtraitway ſend a letter to his ſon,
For to adviſe him to come home with ſpeed,
And money ſent to ranſom him indeed.

Which letter by good fortune he receiv'd,
His ranſom paid, and quickly was reliev'd;
He got a ſhip, and home with ſpeed he came,
None but the lawyer did know of the ſame.

He ſoon came home, unto the great ſurprize
Of his baſe mother, who with flattering lies
Would fain excuſe herſelf, but all in vain:
To law he went with her, and did obtain
The cauſe of her; five hundred pounds beſide,
Becauſe he baſely was by her bely'd,
Which vex'd her ſo, it almoſt broke her heart,
To think ſhe with her ill-got gain muſt part.

Her darling daughter being left alone,
Deſpis'd by all, and pitied by none,
She ſold off all ſhe had, and went away,
And has not been heard of to this day.

To ſtep-mothers let this a warning be,
Never to uſe poor children cruelly,
For God will help the widow in diſtreſs,
And be a father to the fatherleſs.

Let parents beg then of the Lord to ſee,
Their children bred up to maturity.
'Till for themſelves they're able to provide,
Lord ſend you may be their faithful guide.

OLD SONGS,

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.

Children in the Wood
Seven Champions of Chriſtendom
Cat-Skin
Death and the Lady
Twenty-ſeven Songs of Robin Hood
Poor Robin's Dream
Plymouth Tragedy; or, Suſan's Overthrow
Pretty Green Coat Boy
'Squire Vernon's Fox-Chace
Famous Flower of Serving Men
Wandering Prince of Troy
Choice Pennyworth of Wit
Yarmouth Tragedy
Golden Bull
Jane Shore
Oxford Ramble
Dorſetſhire Miracle
Tranſported Felons
Teague's Ramble
Spaniſh Lady's Love to an Engliſh Captain
Northern Knight's Garland
Leeds Tragedy; or, The Bloody Brother
Humours of Rag Fair
Glocesterſhire Tragedy
Diſtreſt Lady's Garland
Chevy Chace
Bloody Gardenor
Berkſhire Lady
Wandering Shepherdeſs
Factor's Garland
Broken Contract
Bite upon Bite
Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green
Briſtol Bridegroom; or, The Ship Carpenter's Love to the Merchants Daughter
Anacreon's Feaſt
Death of Sir Andrew Barton
New Mad Tom
Cobler's wife's diſcovery
Diſobedient Son and Cruel Huſband
Somerſetſhire Tragedy
Welch Wedding
Lamentable Ballad of the Lady's Fall
Fair Maudlin

10 JU 52